

When I read

a poet who provokes
or takes me in

within a turn
or two, I

vow to remember
the name,

and promptly
forget. No

Cult of Personality
here, though

I want mine recalled.
Maybe Cult of Hypocrisy

applies. But implies
too much awareness
methinks.

We do a lot of things
the way we wander,

producing joy
or sin.